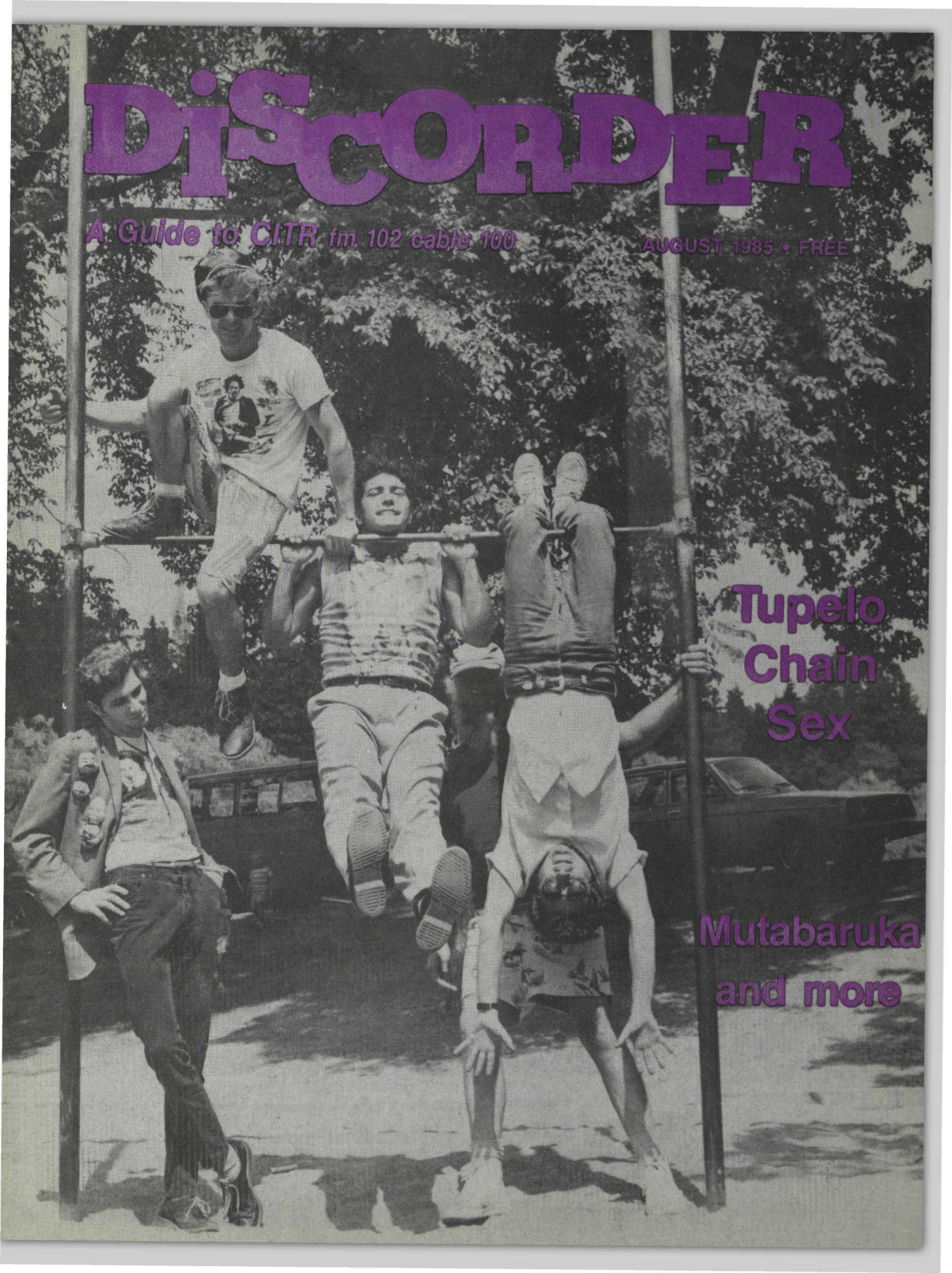


DISCORDER



A Guide to CTR fm 102 cable 100

AUGUST 1985 • FREE

Tupelo
Chain
Sex

Mutabaruka
and more

DISCORDER

A Guide to CTR fm 102 cable 100

AUGUST 1985 • VOL. 3 NO. 7

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Tupelo Chain Sex
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Snips and Snails and Puppy Dog Tails...

Dear Airhead:

You are correct to demand substantiated facts concerning allegations of sexism at CITR and DISCORDER.

So here you are:

Example One

Cover of June, 1985 DISCORDER

The photograph is a typical "tacky Sixties" picture used often by CITR and DISCORDER. Although DISCORDER uses other styles of photographs every issue, the pictures of women in them usually project a female stereotype which belittles women in a way that is rarely used to portray men.

Example Two

Page 2, June DISCORDER

This month's issue was assembled by fourteen men and FOUR women. No articles were written by women. In fact, women did the shit work of layout and typesetting.

Example Three

Page 6, June DISCORDER

CITR obviously needs no women for its High Power. Every band in your fund-raiser was a men's band. The "leggy Prince Georgettes" do NOT count. You seem to be interested only in the latest from men's bands, and as far as you are concerned, the "dykes and bitches" can go home if they feel out of place.

Example Four

Page 12, June DISCORDER

Skinny Puppy is yet another sadomasochist synthesizer band, and the slavish attention CITR gives to this bunch of boys is pathetic. This is cock rock for the trendy set—the joy of torture, mutilation and ultraviolence (and suffering) all at 120 beats per minute on 12-inch single or cassette.

Example Five



c/o CITR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

Page 14, June DISCORDER (Program Guide)

I'm not even going to mention the fact that there are virtually no women as disc jockeys or announcers. My point here is that most of the shows on CITR orient themselves to men and men's bands. DJs seem to worry about women in a token sense.

Example Six

Page 17, June DISCORDER

As usual, no women's bands were reviewed. Most of the records reviewed were thankfully of the alternative vein.

Example Seven

Charts, June DISCORDER

Spot the women's bands. Let us know when you have some.

I'm not suggesting that CITR indulge in tokenism or hypersensitivity on this issue. I overplayed the Au Pairs and Ann Clark and Joan Armatrading on my show but that was only once a week that they ever got played.

I simply want to aid the previous and potential efforts by women and men in pointing out that you are consistently ignoring women's music and consequently ignoring women.

I urge all readers of DISCORDER and all listeners of CITR to continue the debate and I also urge members of CITR to consider the evidence and act in a responsive

manner to your supporters and your critics.

Sincerely

F. Ian Weniger
former DJ at CITR
CFUO (in Ottawa)

Your conception of what constitutes "fact" is a strange, one, Ian. All I see here is hyperbole, innuendo, and generalization. Let's examine the examples one by one.

1. Sexist? You be the judge.



2. DISCORDER has not, as yet, installed a chromosome tester in our offices. Decisions on content in DISCORDER are not, and will not, be made on the basis of sex. In short, we welcome and encourage

contributions from anyone who is willing to make the effort to write, and write well, regardless of sex.

3. What is a men's band or a women's band? Seven of the groups that performed included women, but I suppose in your view they don't count either.

You're on your own as regards to the reference to "dykes and bitches" because I haven't got a clue what you're talking about.

4. One article hardly qualifies as slavish attention. If you don't like Skinny Puppy, do what I do—ignore them. It's very easy.

5. Good thing you didn't mention the fact that there are virtually no women announcers at CITR because you would be wrong if you did. If you'd bother to check your "facts" you'd have discovered that there are many female programmers at CITR, not just in music but in news, sports and public affairs programming as well.

6. I suppose the women in Working Week and Go Four 3 don't count either.

7. Female musicians are represented on the charts, if only you'd check them out. What's a women's band?

Re: Example Two

I'm afraid I don't appreciate having my work called "shit." As a typesetter, a woman (not that being a woman has anything to do with it) and as a person I am enjoying what I do for DISCORDER. Any typesetter, male or female, is more than welcome to contribute.

Dena Corby
Typesetter

Sugar and Spice, and Everything Nice

Mr. Michael Shea
Music Director
Dear Mr. Shea,

I am writing to express my disappointment with the interview you gave on PROPAGANDA, July 6th. Mike Johal was questioning you about your decision, as CITR's music director, to move from a playlist format to some other less structured one.

You said at one point that the playlist had been made up from listeners' responses and requests, announcer preferences, and your own subjective judgement. You allowed that your position gives you the power to exercise personal discretion over music choice. You added with a chuckle that sometimes you just decide that you really didn't like such-and-such a record and that it shouldn't be on the list. It began to sound like "every Saturday night Mike and the boys get together to spin a few discs and have a few beers..."

You never made clear precisely what standards or mechanisms of selection would replace the play-

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list. While it may be pleasant and satisfying for the announcers to have more "fluid" and "open" programming, a non-philosophy regarding CITR's musical style and format will ultimately be damaging to the station's reputation in a highly competitive market. Your job, Mr. Shea, is to develop, and articulate, a style of music programming that enhances the progressive and alternative philosophy CITR espouses. Either you don't have a coherent philosophy, or you were unable to articulate it.

Finally, your comments on women's music provoked my indignation. You had stated earlier that you, as Music Director, buy and promote new music, and particularly new music by local artists, even at the expense of listener satisfaction. You stated, at least twice, that if you programmed music entirely by listener response, you'd be playing old Iggy Pop, U2, Cramps, etcetera, ad nauseam. You claimed to recognize the power that the position of Music Director gives you, and you claimed to use that power to combat the inequities of mainstream FM music programming. Imagine my surprise, then, when you immediately labelled Mike Johal's suggestion about the active promotion of women's music as "contrived." It seems that your affirmative action policy toward homegrown music stops short of artists without penises.

You'd be hard pressed to find music more progressive and alternative than the music of the women's movement, and of lesbian and women's culture! Your assertion that what CITR plays is a reflection of what is actually available in the marketplace is rubbish.

You admitted that your choice of music—I assume in terms of dollars spent—reflects your personal bias. That bias has no place in the music programming of an ambitious radio station. You are no longer a little boy spinning your favorite discs for four hours a day.

I suggest the following action:

1) Set aside a percentage of record purchasing funds for music by women.

2) Appoint a women's music advisor/purchaser from CITR's membership.

3) Approach individual women, and women's groups, for lists of artist and labels.

4) Contact distributors and independent record labels and ask them specifically for women's music and material.

5) Set up a music show which highlights women's music. The show might even include some progressive songs by men (there are some)!

Sincerely
Anila Srivastava

Michael Shea replies:

While I appreciate your interest in the musical programming of CITR, I would like to clarify some points I feel have been misrepresented in your letter.

First, regarding the role of my bias in the purchase of new records and the compilation of the playlist; my personal taste is an element, but by no means an omnipotent one. As music director, I must remain aware of the tastes and perspectives of both announcers and listeners. In the end, however, I have to rely on my own judgement.

Second, the CITR philosophy (or lack of it) is not dictated by a committee; it exists as the sum of the contributions of the individuals who choose to involve themselves as listeners, announcers, or musicians, in the station. As music director, I try to reflect this diversity by programming a variety of music.

In regards to your comment regarding local music: we do not promote music at the expense of listener satisfaction. I was referring to the less-than-pristine audio quality of some of the demo tapes we receive, which might not be to the taste of some of our audiophile listeners. Recording technique is, however, merely a part of packaging, and we hope to put the emphasis more on content.

Finally, in dealing with the issue of women's music you seem to indicate that treating "women's music" as a separate entity would do it justice. I disagree. If you are going to change the world, you are going to have to join it first. Women's music is part of a whole (as is men's, gay's, black's, etc.) and once separated from that whole it ceases to act as a dynamic force in changing the composition. More women making more music, not quotas, is the solution to any shortage of music by women on CITR.

Proletariat Strife?

Dear Airhead,

Amongst all that funky advertising there must be some room for a bit of somewhat primitive political poetry.

Back in Victoria, in the land of a right-wing warrior, there's talk of a new reality—regardless of the casualties sacrificed like so much lamb, by the governing rich who don't give a damn about you and me and the quality of life or of the true reality of proletariat strife and I'd give up my next U.I. cheque to see bourgeois Bennet strung up by the neck!

No name given



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Folk from the Edge

FOLK MUSIC!?! NOT THAT CRAP that ageing hippies listen to while guzzling real "organic" beer, with their fingers in their ears so they can't hear the music. Not on CTR, surely?

Oh yes, I'm afraid so. But this is Folk Music with a difference. In the last year or so, several bands have started playing roots-oriented music in North America (Los Lobos, REM, Jason & the Scorchers, etc.) and at the same time, British bands such as The Pogues, The Men They Couldn't Hang and Boothill Foot-Tappers have begun a movement sometimes referred to as Rogue Folk. These bands project the appearance of punks, and play traditional music, updated, and often disrespectfully so, to shake up the complacency of both the Top 40 and established folk scenes.

Since June 1st, I have been presenting a show from 10:30 a.m. to 12 noon on Saturday mornings, and have tried to blend the new rogue stuff with elements of traditional folk music from around the world. Featured artists have included The Pogues, a North London-based Irish band; Spirit of the West, a local band who play to en-

thusiastic audiences in clubs such as The Railway Club and The Savoy, on Saltspring Island and Folk Festivals in Courtenay and Seattle (but alas, not at Vancouver's own folk festival. A glaring omission if ever there was one); Richard & Linda Thompson, established Brit folk-rockers, once married and now pursuing solo careers admirably; and Billy Bragg, who performed brilliantly at the Town Pump recently.

Mixed in with these people have been well-known Canadian singer (and sadly lamented, too) Stan Rogers; Irish/Scottish bands such as The Boys of the Lough, Stockton's Wing, the Tannahill Weavers, The JSD Band, The Chieftains; English folk stalwarts Fairport Convention; American bands like Touchstone and Los Lobos, as well as South American music from Peru and Bolivia.

The new season of the Folk Show will begin on August 10th. If you have any requests and/or comments about the show either phone them in on Saturday, or better still, drop me a line and I'll see what I can do...

Comments/requests should be addressed to: Steve Edge, c/o The Folk Show, CTR, 6138 SUB Blvd., U.B.C., Vancouver, B.C., V6T 2A5.



Shindig—The Record is now available at all of the finest vinyl emporiums. Featuring Red Herring, Rhythm Mission, My Three Sons, Nerve Tubes, Death Sentence and NG3, the record was recorded live at the Savoy by the Commercial Electronics Mobile Studio. Great live sound, six great bands, all brought to you by CTR. We don't know how you could possibly pass it up.

Photo Dave Jacklin

Spinlist

FOR SIX YEARS NOW, THE Legendary CTR Playlist has been an invaluable consumers' guide to the wide world of the Other Music. But all good things must pass and in their place hopefully come better things... and better things in bigger sizes, too! The new CTR Spin List is your guide to which current releases are receiving airplay on FM 102. Over 100 new demos, 7" and 12" singles, EPs and LPs are included on the weekly Spin List, now available at Zulu, Odyssey, and Revolutions record stores. Each month, the Spin List is sent to 150 record companies and radio stations in Canada, the United States and Europe, too.

If you want to hear the Spin List, tune in to CTR's new releases program NEOFIL, hosted by Michael Shea and heard every Saturday noon to 4.

however, make it more important than ever that you demonstrate to the CRTC your support for alternative radio in Vancouver. So it's time to hunker down to that typewriter, put a point on the pencil, or jump start the word processor: the deadline for letters and petitions in support of CTR's bid for High Power is August 23rd. After that date, your best intentions will fall on deaf ears. So put the procrastination to an end: WRITE TODAY.

All letters should be directed to: THE SECRETARY GENERAL, CRTC, and should make reference to the application of THE RADIO SOCIETY OF UBC and the application number—#851106500.

Please send your letter to:

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Shindig Returns

NO SOONER DOES *SHINDIG—The Record* hit the stores than it's time to start all over again. Shindig will once again showcase local talent every Monday night at the Savoy, with prizes of recording time and equipment awaiting the lucky winners of the finals in December.

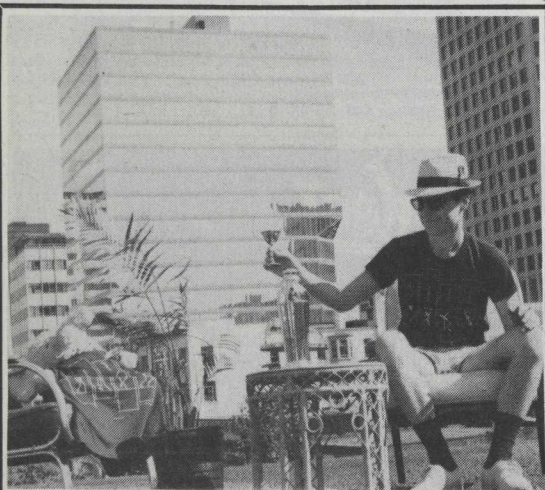
If you are in a band, or know someone who might be interested in fame, fortune, and so on, send a demo tape or contact Jay Scott at 228-3017.

First Shindig is September 16.

High Power Update

THE PLOT HAS THICKENED IN CTR's pursuit of an increase in power. We have learned that the CRTC has received another application for the frequency from an as yet unidentified group or station. While this does complicate matters, we are confident that, with your support, we can prevail in our attempt to improve the reception and availability of CTR.

This additional application does,



The new CTR T-shirt is a bold new fashion statement, heralding a new style and sensibility that is shaking the fashion world in New York, Paris and Rome even as you read this.

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"So," you ask, reaching for your wallet, "where do I get one?"

Well, right now you can pick them up at CTR (room 233, Student Union Building, UBC) or at Zulu Records, The Savoy or the Railway Club. Soon we hope they'll be everywhere.

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Photo Jim Main

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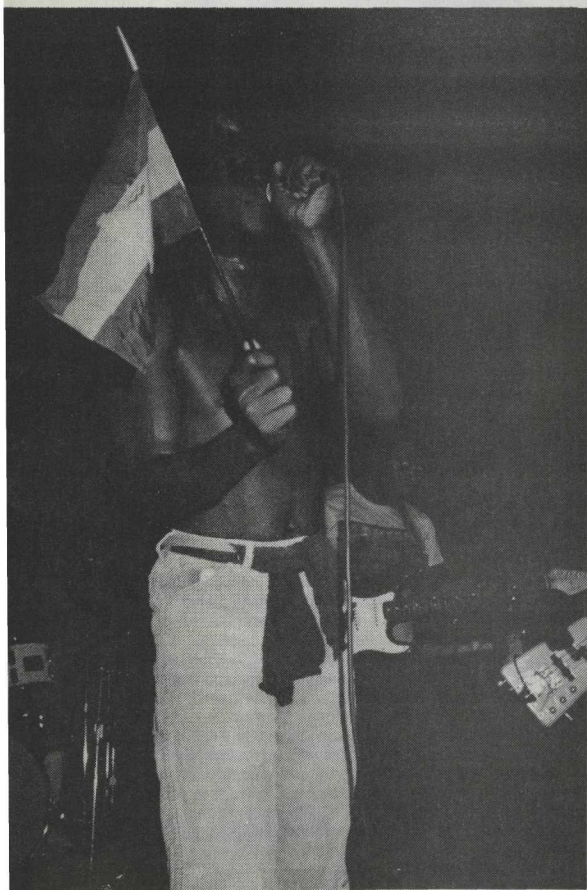
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Mutabaruka

MEDICINE

MAN



"Our prime minister is Mr. Ronald Reagan. We're living an American dream. Especially in Jamaica and the Caribbean..."

"When you hear da voice, it bounce back and you do something about it..."

Mutabaruka wrote the poem "Outcry" back in the '60s. 15 years later that poem is the title track of his very popular second LP, and his call for social justice is still relevant. In the years between, Mutabaruka has published books and released records with the intent of raising the consciousness of people above the level of political, economic, and spiritual oppression.

His published works include, *Outcry* (1973), *Sun and Moon* (1976), written with Sister Faybiene Miranda, and *The First Poems* (1981). His work can also be found in *Itations of Jamaica* and *I Rastafari* (1982).

In addition to the *Outcry* LP Mutabaruka can be found on 1983's *Check It* and two earlier 12" singles, one recorded with Sister Breeze. He has also produced and arranged the *Word Soun' ave Power* LP, a collection of heavy dub poetry.

Bruce Turpin and Jill Rennie spoke to Mutabaruka after his show July 18th at the Commodore.

DISCORDER: *One of the first poems in your show was "Any Means Necessary." That's pretty straight forward, but now in South Africa there are blacks killing blacks. Do you see that any means necessary may have some problems?*

MUTABARUKA: No. Ya see, you ave black people dat support apartheid, you have black multi-national corporations. It's not the colour you're fighting against but the principality, the power behind the apartheid regime, and the black people find themselves caught supporting apartheid. Any means necessary ave to get dem out.

D: *You also recited "Sister's Poem" and seem to be a man who cares about the oppression of woman that's inflicted by man. Do you see a change happening for woman?*

M: Male Chauvinists! Right now dere is a struggle dat we're fightin and we can't leave woman out of it. Woman ave ta be in it. No sense fight witout woman becaw da woman is da backbone of da

cont. ►



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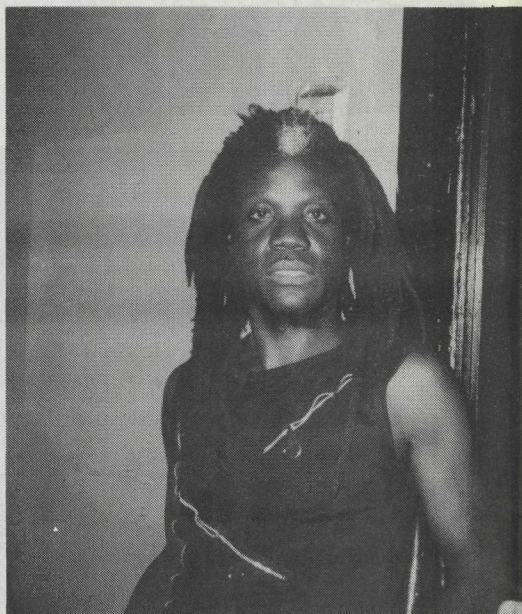


from p. 9

family, woman is like da eart' and you have to take care of da eart'.

D: What would you like to say to a Vancouver audience?

M: Well I won't say nuttin about music becaw I don't have any music, I a poet. What I would say is dat people in Vancouver must realize dat what is taking place in South Africa today have a direct relationship with dere economic struggle in Canada. Now, it no use a man say dat he is in Vancouver and what is in South Africa is too far to ave a relationship. Everyting 'as a relationship. Canada, France, Germany, America, England and now Japan is da main



supporters of apartheid. Now if people in Vancouver don't stand agains' the system that recognize apartheid as a legal system, dey demselves will always be in an economic struggle. All of these multi-national organizations are feeding off da backs of 24 million black people in South Africa. They support the companies by investments and by digging up the soil in Africa and building up their mineral resources. They build up their atomic bombs, nuclear weapons wit all their uraniums. Mose of the coal that feed Englan is comin from South Africa. Coca Cola, Hertz Rent-A-Car, Rothman cigarette, a lot of dem support this wicked regime. So I'm sayin to the people of Vancouver that it is time that people stop and think. After so much years this wicked regime known as apartheid still exist and what are we doing about it? What are we trying to do about it? Becaw if we continue to make it exist, mankind is in a shabby condition in dis age of modern technology. We ave da power to stop it. Seen we talk abou' democracy. When I was at school dey tell me dat democracy mean for da people by da people. Now I say which people?

D: You're talking about school. You have two children, are they in school?

M: No, they are wit me.

D: Do you teach them at home?

M: No, we send dem to ordinary school. Can do no better. Dem not ordinary chilren. We ave a certain philosophy and a certain guideline unlike our parents before us. So even though they go to dese schools it is good to know everyting. The only way to know

evil is to know it. Dere is no such ting as knowin good witout evil. To know good you ave to know evil and to know evil you ave to know evil. You have to read everyting and look at everyting and differentiate it in your consciousness. What is right from what is wrong. Dat mean maybe you see me reading a *Playboy* magazine, or da Bible for dat matter, you see you read everyting becaw dats the only way you're going to differentiate. You know, experience teaches wisdom, though I wouldn't jump in a fire an let it burn me.

D: Where are you living in Jamaica?

M: I live in Montego Bay. Not really Montego Bay. I live outside, way up in some bush.

D: I saw the film *Land of Look Behind* a while ago.

M: Ya dat's my house, up in banana and pineapple country.

D: Have you lived there long?

M: No, eight years. I used to live in Kingston, in the city. I a true city man. I move to the country becaw I couldn't take the city anymore.

D: A lot of people in Jamaica move from the country to the city.

M: A lot of people move from the country to Kingston, and a lot of people move from Kingston to New York. Dey try to go where da grass is always greener, but sometime da grass dry up.

D: What about the future of Jamaica? It's a young country in the sense of it's independence, but it doesn't look like the United States will give it much change to grow up.

M: Our prime minister is Mr. Ronald Reagan yunno. Dere's no doubt about dat. We're living an American dream. Especially in Jamaica and the Caribbean. Mos of da countries turning to capitalism. The IMF is gripping da t'ird world country, especially da Caribbean, and Jamaica is one of dose key countries and dey have

**"People work. Not democracy.
Democracy is ideology, just like
religion, just like communism, just
like teocracy, just like anarchism."**

to control Jamaica and da Caribbean, Mr. Reagan and Mr. Seaga.

D: When Reagan was first voted in to office he said that Jamaica would be used a a model country to prove that democracy could work in the Caribbean.

M: Democracy never work.

D: What works then?

M: People. People work. Not democracy. Democracy is ideology, just like religion, must like communism, jus like teocracy, jus like anarchism. Dose tings are jus words to divert people dem minds and attention from da reality of life. When people wan food and clothes and shelter, dey don know nuttin about da philosophy of Marxism or Lenninism. Dey don know nuttin about what Sigmund Freud said or what Mr. Reagan want to believe him said. Dey wan to know how dem goin ta get food. Food don ave no politics. We're not talking about political power, we're talkin about people power. Like we're not talkin bout religion, we're talking bout consciousness. Consciousness don ave no religion. Da people dem feel dey don ave no politics, so dem don join nuttin.

D: As of no religion, you are Rasta.

M: Yamon, Rasta is not a religion, it's a way of life. A way of life for a lot of people in Jamaica. We don ave no preacher, an we don ave no building, no synagogue and no temple. We jus live it. You take dis tape to do FBI or da CIA or someting?

D: No, we don't go near them.

M: Dat's a joke, don take it too seriously. I am not the person that dey project me to be. Understan' dat. People look at me an see...(frowns and looks terribly serious) I'm not that horror-god, racist that people turn out!

D: If you could change the world what would you do?

M: If I could change the world. My what a serious question! If I could change the world I would make everybody reverse. Dat means I would make ya start at a old age and come up a baby instead of coming up from a baby to old age. (Much laughter.) So when you get young agin you go back in da womb and you become a sperm again. Instead of starting from a sperm and get old, I would make ya start old and become a sperm. That is if I could change da world. Everything mus change, it cyaan remain da same.

NOW OPEN

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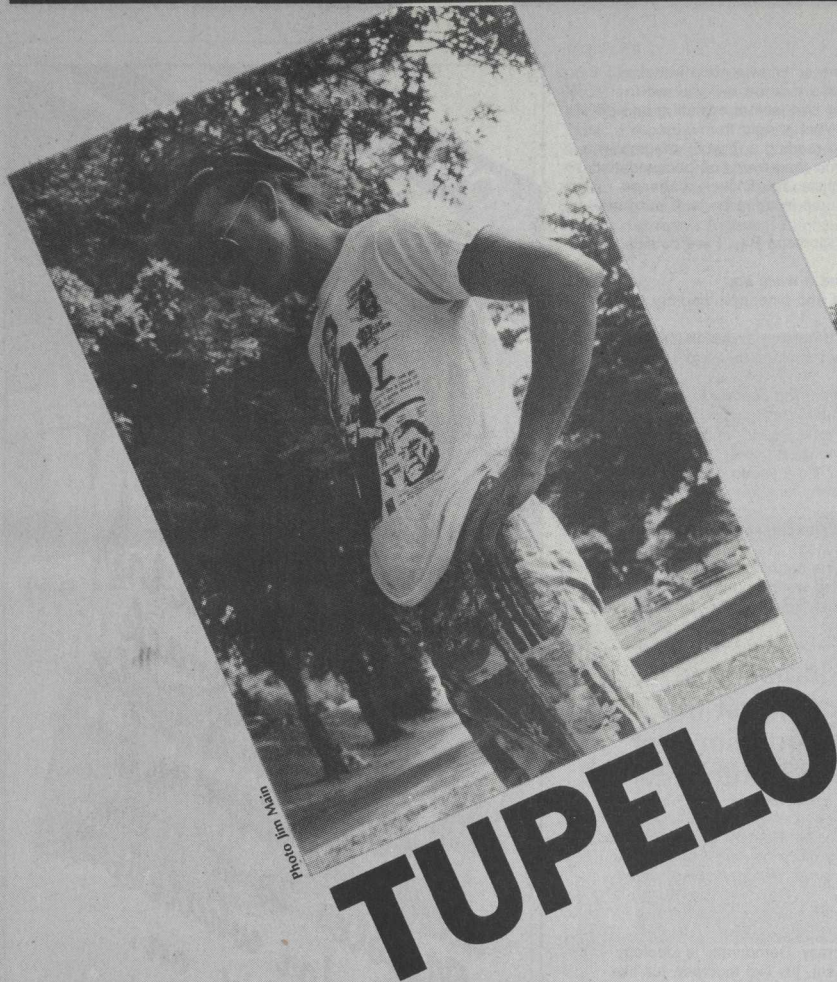
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TUPELO

IT'S ALL VERY DIFFICULT TO DESCRIBE. There I was at one of Vancouver's hippest nightspots on a warm July evening. There weren't more than a couple of hundred others there. Perhaps the rest of Vancouver's supposedly aware alternative music crowd were hungover from the Sea Festival, or mellowed into inactivity by the folk festival. Or maybe it was the relative anonymity of that evening's headliner that kept people away.

Whatever the reason, many local music lovers just plain blew it. That night the Luv-A-Fair was the site of a truly multi-cultural experience and musical education. And all provided by just one band going by the rather unlikely name of Tupelo Chain Sex.

There were probably as many feelings of apprehension as there were expectations as Tupelo took the stage. On overweight, overaged hippy clutched a tiny saxophone. A rainbow-haired youngster plugged in his guitar. An older black guy clutched the weirdest looking violin this side of Laurie Anderson.

The band opened with a rather melodic number, based on some simple mid-Eastern melody. They then bashed through a perfectly executed time change into a hard-edged sound before

switching smoothly back into the melody. By the time it was over a collective grin had invaded the dance floor while surrounding tables were empty and the bar quiet.

The audience was thus well primed when lead singer Limey Dave joined the proceedings sporting a scintillating mohawk. Absurdity was replaced, at least for the most part, by organized chaos. The band continued to flash through a broad musical spectrum, sometimes playing many styles simultaneously. Dave crooned, spat and screamed heavily satiric lyrics. The next couple of hours were to pass all too quickly.

Though new to most of us that live outside California, Tupelo Chain Sex has been a hot item in L.A. for about three years. They recently released their first major vinyl effort *Spot the Difference* which quickly rose to the top of the alternative charts all over North America.

The diversity of the band's a reflection of the various members. Sax player Stumuk is a true musical veteran. His credits include stints with James Cotton, Frank Zappa and Maxine Nightingale, though he claims his deepest roots are in the L.A. school system which gave him his musical start in a marching band.

Drummer Willie Dredd got his start marching in a high school band too. He has been playing pro-

fessionally since he was fourteen, following up his classical and jazz studies by playing for a while with John Mayall's Blues Breakers.

Classical music was the basis of Mike Rubbridge's musical career. He studied cello for seven years before picking up the bass to play with the likes of the Kingbees and (gulp) Rick James.

Sugarcane Harris has a background in the blues and a reputation for surviving the tempestuous, everchanging West Coast music scene with his musical agility and a taste for bringing his electric fiddle to the front of any musical style.

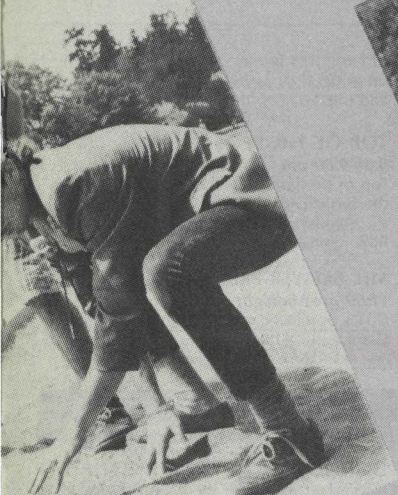
Tupelo Joe is the least experienced musician in the band. He played with L.A. fixture Levi Dexter before picking up his guitar, mandolin and harmonica and joining Tupelo Chain Sex.

Limey Dave claims to be "a musical illiterate." He admits to getting caught up with the early punk scene in London, but he grew disenchanted as the music grew more established and predictable.

The energy that emerges from the contrasting characters and experiences of the individual band members fuses into a sound and style that pillages nostalgia as it plunges wrecklessly into the future.

"We take our stuff from everywhere," says Joe. "Even musak. We can take the tackiest bit of





CHAIN

melody, something you would hate to listen to, and do something to it."

"We change the content," adds Dave. "Though we lean on different traditions, we want the sound to be very much today."

Tupelo's use of the familiar is a definite highlight of their sound. Stumuk opens a very punkified version of "America" (from *West Side Story*) with a stereotypical sax solo, "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The lyrics are hard and biting, the sax sweet and funny, the lead lines shift quickly between guitar and violin, so that it becomes difficult to tell what instrument is doing what.

This revival of traditions has become an established trend in alternative music. But where many bands and musicians are dealers with their musical roots with purist traditional renderings, Limey Dave sees a need for something different.

"Some bands seem intent on giving you bloody history lessons. It's important to us to take all those diverse musical elements and use them as tools to come up with something that's very 1985."

It seems to work. Tupelo's sound is as different as it is diverse. And amid the conscious calamity of the music, they have an active, fun loving stage act.

"Anything can happen," laughs Stumuk. "Hats

and other props will just appear on stage. Sometimes we'll all just pile onto Dave, because he can take it. Hell, one night a black high school drum band did a solo on the dance floor."

This high-energy stage presence manages to avoid pretensions. It seems more like natural buffoonery among good friends. It too is a reflection of the closeness of the band, a virtue which plays an important part in creating the music.

"We just get together with a couple of cases of beer and jam," says Dave. "We're pretty good—I like to think very good friends and we try to have a good time. If someone wants to try something different, we'll completely change a song and see what it sounds like. That way the material is constantly evolving."

The good times and on stage zaniness belie the heavy satire of the lyrics. "It's like a sugar-coated pill," says Limey Dave. "It's a lot easier to absorb the grim reality of what is going on in the world with a sense of humour." The lyrics take the form of free-flowing narratives that comment on the more undesirable aspects of Reagan's America.

When I talked to the band about their politics the discussion was random and refreshing. They do not, probably cannot, preach a didactic point of view. They just sound like ordinary folks upset

about the injustices and corruption around them.

"The government is playing Big Brother when it should be just the janitor," intones Dave. "They go around wasting tax dollars on stupid projects when they should be taking care of people."

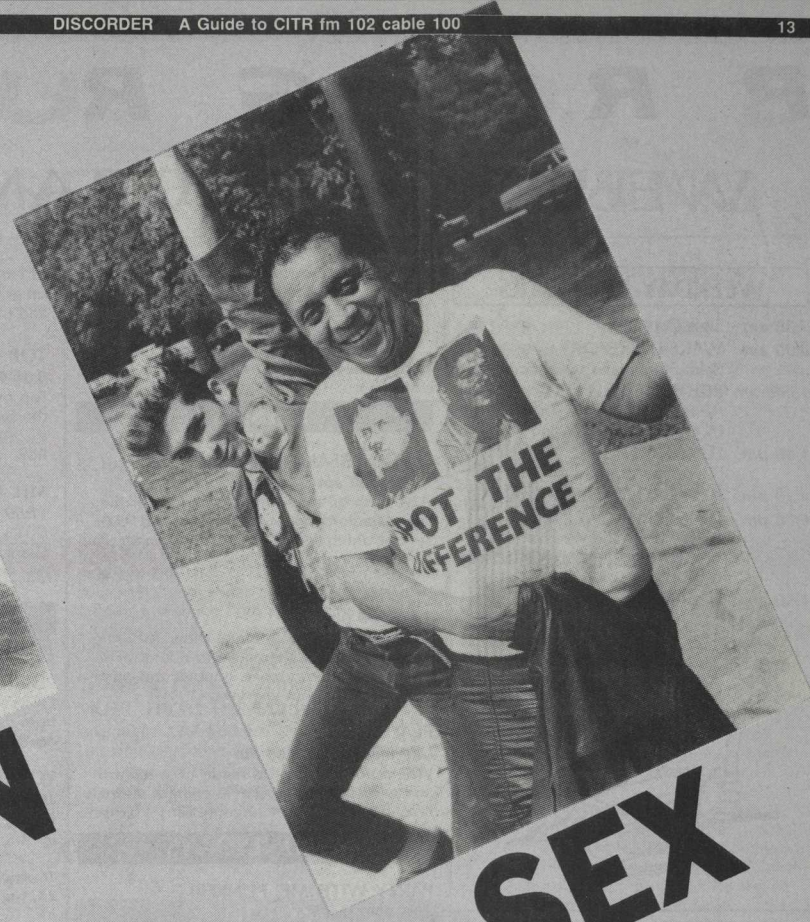
Back at the Luv-A-Fair Tupelo Chain Sex reaches the end of their set with a crazy rap/funk number. Two hundred people can make a lot of noise when their hearts are into it so the band returned promptly for a crazy encore. Who would have thought that Wagner's *Ride of the Valkyries* could be such a convincing introduction to an eclectic, hard-driving version of The Sweet's "Ballroom Blitz."

The band left the stage, the system had blown a fuse. The crowd chanted "Chain Sex, Chain Sex..." and no one left. Management promised a return gig the next night but that was not enough. Finally a fuse was found and the band played on.

Perhaps the difference in Tupelo Chain Sex live is best summed up by Tupelo Joe: "You know how it is with most bands live. The songs are all different but the sound stays the same. You know what to expect. We don't want to be like that."

They're not. Tupelo Chain Sex will come back to Vancouver. The next move will be yours.

—Kawika



SEX

P R O G R A M

WEEKDAY PROGRAMMING

WEEKDAY REGULARS

- 7:30 am Sign-On**
8:00 am WAKE-UP REPORT
 News, sports and weather.
- 10:00 am BREAKFAST REPORT**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW** and **INSIGHT**.
- 1:00 pm LUNCH REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
- 4:30 pm AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**
6:00 pm DINNER MAGAZINE
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW**, **INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE**.
- 4:00 am Sign-Off**



WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

MONDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

Adventures in poetry. Thanks... Thanks to Ina Roelants for coming in to read her poetry; Thanks to Patrice Leslie for learning to push the right buttons; Thanks to Peter Courtemanche for his fatherly help; Thanks to myself, Esi Zarnis, for getting up at five.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Listen for the following 11 pm features:

- 05 Aug.** Abdullah Ibrahim's *Dollar Brand*. A masterful album by this great South African pianist, composer. A record not yet heard in Canada: *Ekaya's Home*.
- 12 Aug.** Composer Gary McFarland's musical treatise on America written in 1968. *America the Beautiful...an account of its disappearance*, McFarland's masterwork!
- 19 Aug.** Thomas "Fats" Waller. Vocals, piano solos and band tunes by one of

Jazz music's foremost entertainer-musicians.

- 26 Aug.** Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*. Miles' best-selling and one of the most musically influential albums of the latter 20th Century.

TUESDAY

DOG'S BREAKFAST

7:30-11:00 am

A goulash of aural surprises and "Over the Fence" radio drivel some time around 9:00. Special orders will be taken. Your waiter: Paul Funk.

POWER CHORD

5:00-6:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

PLAY LOUD

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Where no distinction is made between art and garbage. Headphone listening is strongly recommended. Aural surgeon: Larry Thiessen.

WEDNESDAYS

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!

4:35-6:00 pm

Now with host Mike Dennis and assistant host Kamel Gill. Look for a possible new time slot for this popular show.

JUST LIKE WOMEN

6:20-7:30 pm

Woman, heal thyself with Ann and Lil's remedy for the Old Boys' Network: an hour of news, interviews, and music. A shot in the arm for all women, and for any man who likes them.

SCIENCE FICTION ANONYMOUS

11:30-12:30 am

This month: *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, Parts I-IV.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by. This show will really mess up your hair!

THURSDAYS

GET UP OR DONT

7:30-10:30 am

Get up or get down or eat or bathe or leave or listen or sleep with host Don Chow.

VINYL DISASTERS

3:00-6:00 pm

But host Janis McKenzie doesn't limit herself

to vinyl. Join her as she stumbles through other people's fun-filled records and tapes and tries to keep the studio from blowing up.

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

Top of the Bops approaches rock'n'roll from the broader perspective of its roots in country, country swing and rockabilly as well as R&B, jump blues and doo wop.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

CITR's best-loved station members, Jason Grant and Mel Brewer, join forces to give you the latest on the local scene.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

7:30-10:30 am

CITR's latest magazine show with everything from music features to Youth Focus to info on the arms race.

YOUTH FOCUS

10:30-11:00 am

- 02 Aug.** Effects of Media on Youth
09 Aug. Music of Youth—Reflections of a Lifestyle
16 Aug. Youth Rights
23 Aug. Immigrant Youth and Foreign Students
30 Aug. Youth and Education

OVER THE WALL SHOW

11:00 am-1:00 pm

With your host Brian Maitland, featuring a cross-section of the latest from the L.A. psychedelic scene to the hottest polka tunes. Music to do your housework by.

OOH, ARE YOU IN A BAND?

1:00-3:00 pm

...because if you are, you can be a guest on this show, maybe even win a fun-filled evening out with lovely host and quintessential groupie Stacey Fruin.

FRIDAY NIGHT FETISH

6:20-9:00 pm (09 Aug. & 23 Aug.)

Life after Life After Bed. Host "Rev." Garnet Harry says this is CITR's only serious religious broadcast, but don't believe it (unless you subscribe to the Church of Alice Cooper).

THE BIG SHOW

9:00 pm-Midnight

Why pay money to get into a nightclub on a Friday night? If Big International can't get you dancing, no-one can.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Eccentric but unpretentious fun with Steve Gibson and Andreas Kitsmann.

G U I D E

WEEKEND PROGRAMMING

WEEKEND REGULARS

- 7:30 am Sign-On (Saturdays)**
8:00 am Sign-On (Sundays)
Noon BRUNCH REPORT
 News, sports and weather.
6:00 pm SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE
 News, sports and weather, plus
GENERIC REVIEW, analysis of
 current affairs and special features.
4:00 am Sign-Off

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

THE ALTERED ALTERNATIVE SHOW

7:30-10:30 am
 Jennifer and Todd bring you G-rated inter-
 views with local luminaries, man-in-the-street
 opinions and lots of requests.

THE FOLK SHOW

10:30 am-Noon
 Everything from traditional to the most
 contemporary folk music. See DISCORDER'S
 Behind the Dial feature on page 6 for more
 information.

NEOFILE

Noon-4:00 pm
 Join CTR's music directors as they take you
 through the station's new and exciting Spin
 List. Turn to page 21 for your own copy.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

4:00-6:00 pm
 A program featuring African music and
 culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick
 Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest
 news from Africa, plus special features at
 5:00 pm.

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-9:30 pm
 Today In History and the usual eclectic mix
 of music, spoken word, political commentary
 and humour. High Profiles, and other
 features. Host Mike Johal; Operator Don
 Miller; Production Stacey Fruin, Brent Kane.
 High Profiles:
03 Aug. Paul Weller sings about the U.K.
10 Aug. William S. Burroughs
17 Aug. Son of Revenge of the Words—live
 recorded poetry from Pitt Interna-
 tional Galleries.
24 Aug. Frightwig—featuring an interview by
 Mike Johal
31 Aug. Snakefinger—featuring an interview
 by Mike Johal

Interviews:
03 Aug. The Cramps

10 Aug. PAND—Performing Artists for
 Nuclear Disarmament

Features:

- 10 Aug.** AEIOU—The Artists Educational and
 Iconoclastic Organization (Un-
 & 24 Limited is here to bring you the bad
 news from Canada and around the
 world. With the state of world
 politics as it is we hope to be
 around for a long time!
17 Aug. Reading—Richard Jobson (ex-The
 Skids, The Armoury Show) reads
 10:30 On a Summer's Night, based
 on a book by Marguerite Duras.

PYJAMA PARTY

9:30 pm-1:00 am
 Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell
 present everything from ambient music for
 snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and
 pillow fights.

TUNES 'R' US/ MUSIC FROM THE TAR PITS

Late night 1:00-4:00 am
 Lots of music, a little chit-chat and loads of
 fun. Listen for Handyman Bob, Groove Jump-
 ing, and, the first Saturday of every month,
 Music from the Tar Pits—aural dinosaurs
 courtesy of the Knight After, Random
 Cacophony, and Tunes 'R' Us.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

8:00 am-Noon
 20th Century music in the classical tradition—
 Mahler to Medernal, Scriabin to Xenakis, all
 styles, media, and nationalities. Hosts: Lynn
 Price and Paul Smith.
04 Aug. UBC Contemporary Players.
11 Aug. 20th Century British composers
 Peter Maxwell Davies, Michael Tippit
 and more.
18 Aug. Louie Andriessen.
25 Aug. Charles Ives.

ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm
 The best in reggae with host George Family
 Man Barrett, Jerry the Special Selector, the
 Major Operator, and Collin the Prentice.

SOUL GALORE

3:00-4:30 pm
 Focusing on Black-American popular music of
 this century, this program takes you from the
 birth of the blues through doo-wop, soul and
 funk, from Massachusetts to California and
 everywhere in between.

THE SHADED GREY AREA

4:30-6:00 pm
 Simply devoted to providing standard CTR
 fare (if such a thing exists) on a day other-
 wise given over to specialty programming.

Tyler Cutforth rotates the grooves and/or
 magnetic bits and takes requests.

NEITHER HERE NOR THERE

6:30-8:00 pm
 Relevance? What relevance? Music, interviews,
 comedy and readings of prose and poetry
 with hosts Chris Dafoe and Paris Simons.

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE

8:00-9:00 pm
 Confirmed so far: **The Young Fresh Fellows** at
 the Zulu Revue, recorded last April, to be
 aired **04 Aug.**

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-1:00 am
 Probably Vancouver alternative radio's most
 alternative show. Mark Mushet searches the
 world over for experimental, minimalist,
 avant-garde, electronic, and other non-
 mainstream sounds.

04 Aug. The Amazing Peter "Thooosh" Marter
 will be the guest. An eclectic and
 predictably esoteric look at the
 kinds of music available via mail
 order new music distribution
 services.

11 Aug. *The Recommended Quarterly*, A
 magazine/compilation disc of new
 material from Britain's Recommend-
 ed Records and November Publica-
 tions. Aslo, the new LP by **Steven
 Brown and Benjamin Lew.**

18 Aug. Stefan Tischler, one of the group
Port Said, is back in Vancouver to
 escape the pleasantries of NYC in
 midsummer. He has brought a variety
 of tapes from a group of people in
 New York who work in the grey
 areas of non-academic electronic
 music. We'll also be hearing the
 work Stefan has done since leaving
 Port Said.

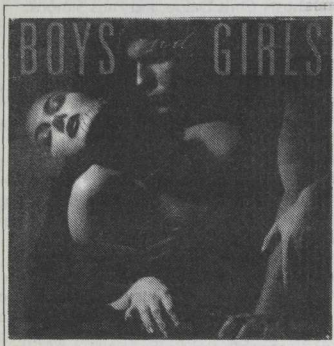
25 Aug. "Live" musique concrete/tape
 collage/performance/event. Utilizing
 both of the station's studios, Larry
 Thiessen and myself will orchestrate
 a show consisting of invited taped
 sounds produced especially for the
 event. A live mix/layering of work
 by the two of us, Clemens Rettich,
 Greg Nixon, Stefan Tischler, and
 more. If you would like more infor-
 mation call 669-0398.

THE EARLY MUSIC SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am
 Join host Ken Jackson for music from the
 Renaissance and Baroque periods, presented
 at an appropriately early hour.
05 Aug. J.S. Bach—Leipzig Chorales Pt. II
12 Aug. Archangelo Corelli
19 Aug. Vivaldi—Gloria
26 Aug. The Court of Burgundy (15th Cen-
 tury); W.A. Mozart—Symphony in D
 Major (Academy of Ancient Music)
 —and lots more.

VINYL VERDICT

Bryan Ferry



Boys and Girls

"SLICK" "WIMPY" "WELL PRODUCED"
"Lounge Music" "Smooth as a Lizard's Bum"

Those seem to be the words on most well-to-do rock connoisseur's lips when dealing with the notion of Ferry's purported artsiness and how it relates to the mainstream of popular music. Sound a tad pretentious? Well, I'll put it this way: How many of you actually expected some kind of avant-garde rock statement from a post-Avalon solo record from Bryan Ferry? Don't laugh. There is still a surprisingly large number of people who refuse to believe that Ferry bought into the "business" years ago and that it's truly amazing that he is able to produce such consistently outstanding work within the confines of that "business." No, *Boys and Girls* is by no means an adventurous album despite its being produced by the driving force behind Roxy Music, one of the most influential and unique rock bands of the 1970s. It is, however, an excellent LP and one that should serve to lend some credibility to the top 40 and the idea that popular audiences can sometimes surprise with an unexpected show of sophistication.

But surely...where can something like this differ from the bulk of material from all those "Toto" clones? The fact is that Ferry's heavily mannered vocal stylings and sense of style in general have made it, relatively unaffected by the impurities of the "business," into the eighties.

The material on the album? Oh sure. It's slick, wimpy, well produced, smooth as a lizard's bum lounge music. And on that level the record is flawless. It has the calculated hit single in "Slave to Love," the 35 to 40 dance hit in "Don't Stop the Dance," "The Chosen One," and "Stone Woman", and the sly inclusion of a subtle, slightly

eccentric and above all gorgeous pair of tunes; "A Wasteland," and the title cut "Boys and Girls" that Ferry says was deliberately designated as a title cut so that it would draw the attention of radio programmers to the more subtle and interesting.

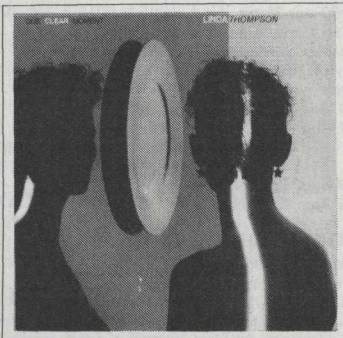
The playing is tight. Very tight. In fact I would say it borders on being inspired. Not surprisingly, many of the late period Roxy players are included in the roster along with a few surprises, namely David Gilmore, Mark Knopfler, and Tony Levin. Otherwise, the credits on *Avalon* will suffice, should you lose the inner sleeve of *Boys and Girls*.

Lyrically, the words forlorn and terminal heart-break come to mind, glazed, of course, with that splash of ennui that made even the most absurd Roxy tracks somewhat alluring. The back/front cover depicts a dishevelled, cigarette-puffing Bry with that "I just got laid by my lover for the last time" look on his face. And you thought he was happily married. Then again, when the market calls...

If this review is trying too hard to drip with the same ennui and awkward grace that Bryan possesses, well...maybe I'm just a jealous guy. How did that song go? "I wear my heart on my sleeve..."

—Mark Mushet

Linda Thompson



One Clear Moment

PERHAPS SOME BACKGROUND INFORMATION would help to understand and appreciate this LP. Linda Peters began as a child actress, but turned to music when she found she could sing well enough to be appreciated in the folk clubs of London in the late '60s. She fell in with Fairport Convention where she met and subsequently picked up Richard Thompson:

"Richard was unbelievably introverted then.

Basically, he went out with women who picked him up, threw him over their shoulder and took him home. I like men like that, 'cause I'm quite forward."

They were married in 1972, and shortly afterwards Richard became a Sufi Muslim. Linda tagged along into this male-oriented world of self-denial: no drinking, no laughing, no loving—hoping that outer contraction would lead to inner expansion. Such was the intensity of her enforced inferiority in this environment that when she started to sing again, with The Albion Band, Richard was furious and she was "dissolved" by the sect.

Richard packed in the ardent stuff and rejoined both Linda and the music scene, inspired by the punk explosion of '77. Later, with Linda pregnant, Richard did a solo tour of the USA, where he met and fell in love with Nancy Covey, a Los Angeles folk promoter. So Linda was ditched again.

The break-up coincided with the release of their LP *Shoot Out The Lights*, and the supporting tour was a fiery affair, culminating with Linda hitting Richard over the head with a Coke bottle. Suddenly freed from years of imposed restraint, she describes the situation thus:

"I suddenly went from being this lady with three children—covered in scarves, with my eyes to the ground—to stealing cars, drinking vodka and living on anti-depressants. I felt fabulous!"

Which brings me, finally, to the new album. There are some outstanding tracks here, with lots of deep, soul-searching descriptions of the break-up, although the whole LP is inappropriately sugar-coated by smooth production. However, the overriding impression I get is one of unbridled optimism emanating principally from the opening track, "Can't Stop the Girl," with its infectious Calypso beat and defiant chorus:

"The tide's on the turn, all is right with the world;
You can duck, you can hide, but you can't stop the girl.
Cry like a baby, baby! Hide from the world;
You can run to Mama, but you can't stop the girl."

She has a beautifully clear voice which disguises the obvious anguish of songs like "Telling Me Lies" (probably the best song on the LP) and "In Love With the Flame."

Other highlights are the delightfully kinky "Take Me on the Subway:"

"Take me on the Subway,
Take me on the moon,
Take me in the car park,
Take me with a spoon,"

and a tasteful cover version of the soul classic "Just Enough to Keep Me Hangin' On."

On the whole, about half the LP is excellent, the rest is over-produced filler, but she is certainly a fascinating person who, with a more inspired

producer, could begin to scale the lofty heights so consistently enjoyed by her former spouse.

—Steve Edge

REM



Fables of the Reconstruction IRS

IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME HOW rock critics can create the kind of pressure, the expectations that they have created for REM. Of course, REM have always been what some call a "critics' band" but it has reached the point where many are given to rash statements to the effect that REM are redefining American music or that they're an archetypal American band. I suppose the praise is justified in that not a few of the young bands I see in clubs sound a lot like REM and many people describe a whole

LISTENING TO PINK FLOYD AGAIN?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS NIHILISTIC
RUBBISH DOES TO YOU? ...



genre of rock music as "the REM thing." That's fine as far as it goes but to say that the REM sound is representatively American is a blatant generalization. The (North) American musical fabric is too diverse to allow four white boys from the South to sew a decent suit.

The REM sound is more like a modern Southern chapter of the American myth, an elusive and often ambiguous picture of life south of the Mason-Dixon line so wonderfully conceived that it can touch people regardless of where they live. The mystique is only enhanced by their new album *Fables of the Reconstruction*. This is the moodiest record REM have made to date. From the uncharacteristically taut plodding of "Feeling Gravity's Pull" to the closing strains of the truly pastoral "Wendell Gee," REM take us on a journey of recollections. The title is an apt one because there is a narrative quality that pervades the album. The stories are difficult to follow, but the band are so successful in creating a real sense of setting that we are convinced that this

must be the stuff of legend.

I don't want to give the impression that this is an album full of ballads. Actually the record is full of lively upbeat tunes, except that it's paced like a roller coaster ride—fast, slow, up, down, all around.

Indeed the pacing of the record plays an integral role in establishing the dual themes that REM seem to be exploring. Many of the faster songs, particularly "Driver 8" and "Auctioneer (Another Engine)" are about going places, moving and migrating, although the destination always seems uncertain. Trains play a major symbolic role as they always have in the American myth, and for Michael Stipe, trains seem to represent an escape into the unknown, to places only hinted at in whispered rumours and legends; perhaps reminiscent of Huckleberry Finn and the Mississippi riverboats in the writings of Mark Twain.

The slower songs achieve the opposite effect. There is a sense of security and contentment

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about songs like "Wendell Gee" and "Green Grow the Rushes", that suggests the kind of solitude one feels just by lying on the riverbank, staring up into the sky and letting the mind wander. Two notable exceptions are "Old Man Kinsey" and "Feeling Gravity's Pull." Again their slow tempo suggest solitude and reflection but of a darker, more intense, almost morbid kind. Here there is a feeling of anxiety instead of contentment, inertia, rather than motion and discord overwhelming harmony. The effect is unsettling and somewhat claustrophobic.

But what does it all mean? Your guess would be as good as mine, but probably different. REM songs tend to defy definitive interpretations, due, in no small part, to Michael Stipe's often unintelligible singing style. The fact that they refuse to include lyric sheets with their records proves that

they consider the words themselves to be of secondary importance. Indeed, Stipe's approach to singing seems to be one that favours using words to create melody rather than to say something and it is largely this approach that is responsible for their trademark sound.

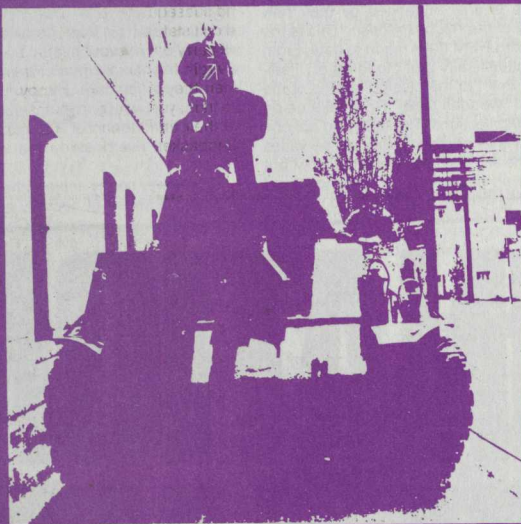
He gives us a catchphrase here and there so that we can occasionally mumble along with him, but how we interpret the lyrics is an individual concern. REM have always used ambiguity to their advantage and on *Fables of the Reconstruction* the effect of that ambiguity is one that invites personal interpretation. Thus, it is easy to form attachments with the songs, because they tend to constantly churn the subconscious and stimulate the imagination. This inspirational quality is something that REM have been successful in recreating on a consistent basis.

At the same time, they have avoided staleness, and in the face of being a favourite with the critics, shrugged off the pressure of maintaining high standards. It's a gift, I guess, because *Fables of the Reconstruction* doesn't include a single dud. Overall the album sounds thicker and lusher, and musically, the songs are more complex. REM travelled to England to record the album with noted English folk producer Joe Boyd at the controls (instead of Mitch Easter and Don Dixon) and it might be that he is partially responsible for the extra instrumentation that augments what are usually basic arrangements. It's these little things like the banjo picking on "Wendell Gee" and the horns (gaspl) on "Can't Get There From Here" that give the songs the added flavour of authenticity. The latter, powered by a pseudo-funk bass line, is, I suspect, to be taken tongue in cheek, a subtle poke at the notion that the REM sound is a synthesis of the spectrum of American music.

REM are simply masters at capturing a mood and conveying it with fresh, honest, uncontrived feeling. I suppose it is small wonder that they have garnered such critical praise and typical that they really haven't risen above cult status. These guys are just too good for that. Tell all of your friends.

—Steve Robertson

A.K.O.B.



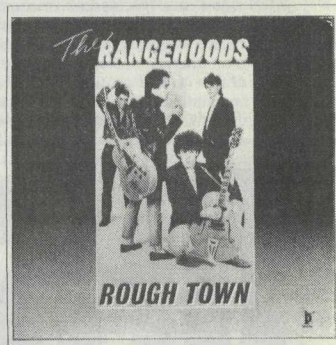
ANOTHER KIND OF BLUES

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The Rangehoods



Roughtown

Big D Records

ROUGH TOWN, BY THE RANGEHOODS IS A deliciously refreshing record, bursting with vitality. Pop and country influences come together to form a bright, upbeat sound with a unique feel and texture.

Steve Pearson's high-pitched, nasal vocals are reminiscent of the Dils' Chip Kinman, but occasionally become whiney. Pearson uses strong, catchy melodies, with lavish harmonies supplied by Pat Hewitt (guitar) and Tony Lease (bass), which lends a strong country flavour to the overall sound. The guitars (played by Pearson and Hewitt) are bright, jangly and clean, interspersed with sporadic choppy rhythms and haunting ethereal licks on top. Don Kammerer keeps the drumming solid and sparse, adding only the most necessary of fills.

The songs on *Roughtown* are basic pop songs, dealing with the usual material: being unpopular at school, losing a girlfriend, etc. The music ranges from being hardhitting, fast-paced and punchy, to being melancholic, slow and heavy-hearted. The vocal style changes accordingly,

from sounding almost brattish in "Not A Boy," then moving to a weepy, choked sob in "Used To Be You."

The Rangehods sound simultaneously like the Dils and the Modernettes at their most country-ish. Although the songs may seem cliché and conventional, the memorable melodies, jangly guitars, slithering lead solos and punchy beat make *Roughtown* a very impressive record. Particularly outstanding are the songs "Roughtown" and "Not A Boy."

—Sean Newton

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds



The Firstborn is Dead

THE FIRSTBORN IS DEAD: A LONG BLACK train, rumbling on iron rails through the Deep South. Through Selma, through Tupelo, through Laredo, the fog-bound swamps of the Okfenokee, collecting all that is twisted, heathen and "uncivilized" in America. Nick Cave is the mournful engineer; Mick Harvey and Barry Adamson pour the coal, driving the train, inexorably, to some dark destination. This leaves Blixa Bargeld (a modern Lead-belly?) to accompany the train, wallowing next to Cave, trying desperately not to fall off.

*On rails of pain (on rails of pain and suffering)
There comes a train (There comes a train long-suffering)*

*On rails of pain (On rails of pain and suffering)
O Baby blow its whistle in the rain*

("The Black Crow King")

The train lurches, it shudders, but it never leaves the rails, laid straight by Cave's pitifully poisoned lyrics. He, an Australian living in England, found this train in West Berlin two years ago, but has only now learned how to run it. You will find no idolatry here, but Cave certainly owes Robert Johnson, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and Screamin' Jay Hawkins a great deal for his train. They were pioneers of the evil blues, but nobody sings the blues quite like Nick Cave. Strophe and antistrophe are melded with a foreboding gospel sound in Cave's best lyrical performance yet, it is a celebration of the dark.

The raging fires of Cave's depression, the stigma of the Birthday Party's finest effort, the *Bad Seed* EP has been replaced by a monster known as *Memory*. The train is piloted by a man who puts his personal anguish on display on stage, on album, on tape, but can never rid him-

self of it. While the listeners can, in his eyes, only partly relate to his pain, he is always left with the memory the life experience.

*And I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here rolling after everybody's gone
I'm still here rolling and I'm left on my own
Those black birds they have flown
and I am on my own.*

Make no mistake, I don't find this train beautiful. I find an ugliness so powerful that it can easily be misconstrued as beauty. The melody of "Knockin' on Joe," a haunting piano line, is breathtaking until you see that the brutality and anger beneath it (the song is about prisoners on chain gangs who would practice self-mutilation to avoid heavy, often murderous labour) have been restrained to create a marvellous sorrowful facade. This masquerade is typical of Cave's America, where mass murderers perform as clowns at children's hospitals, and "pillars of the community" don hoods and burn crosses on summer evenings. These things are on the train, in "Tupelo," "Wanted Man" (a wonderful adaption of a Dylan composition) and "Blind Lemon Jefferson," but they are expressed as an ambience of corruption, not as individual transgression.

One drawback to this train: the ride is long and lonesome, the end uncertain. The Birthday Party, and subsequently Nick Cave, have been accorded cult status. This train, despite its excellence, will carry only devout pilgrims, with a minimum of virgin travellers. None of them will be happy when they disembark. Happy for having taken the train, yes; happy in themselves, no. They will tell their timid friends: "You can go to hell in a handbasket, but I'll take the train."

—Jason Grant

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DESPITE MANY RECORD distributors' (and stores') refusal to stock 7-inch records and the megacompanies' insistence on issuing limited edition lazer-etched, scratch and sniff, picture disc 12-inchers, the little 7-inchers keeps on chugging. It is especially popular with fledgling new bands and record labels which, like their methods of releasing vinyl, prefer to go the least expensive way possible: basic guitars, drums, and vocals. This month we look at the possibility, in the minds of the multi-billion dollar music industry, the deepest of the underground burrows: the punk/hardcore/garage crowd.

ANOTHER KIND OF BLUES

Explosion Blues

(Collector's RPM Undergrowth)

Collector's RPM takes another step forward into the music industry (their first release being the very successful *Undergrowth '84* compilation tape set), this time with a 5-song 7-inch record. Part of the band's name might be misleading; if this is blues, it's undoubtedly the fastest blues I've ever heard. What it is is high-energy, drivin' rock with obvious punk influences, the most notable of those being that of G.B.H. Ex-House of Commons' guitarist Neil Embo has written some really creative material here, complete with lots of hooks and guitar power. "Explosion Blues" and "What's Going On" are the best cuts, both feature memorable choruses and lots of punch. The 8-track production gets the job done, although the bass guitar



could have cut through clearer. The packaging on this record is first-rate though, and guess what? It comes on blue vinyl! Hey, check it out.

THE CATATONICS

Hunted Down

(Anorexic/Nympho Records)

A 5-song 7-inch this time and it's full of ball-blasting hardcore thrash: angry and unrelenting. This record is nothing really original, but it is undeniably powerful. What it does sound like is a well-produced live recording, even though it was done in the studio. Some hardcore bands can't seem to transfix their live energy (if they indeed have any) to vinyl; this lot has, and does. Oh yeah, these good ol' boys are from Camillus, New York, if that means anything.

DRUNKS WITH GUNS

3-Song EP

(Cheap Beer Records)

Okay, now this is nasty and raunchy. But very slow dirge-like raunchy. It's comparable to Lux Interior on valium meets FLIPPER for a night of pub-crawling. With titles like "Punched In the Head" and "Bloodbath," you just know this isn't any Donny and Marie revival act. It's kind of hard to make out

the lyrics, but I did manage to make out something about "giving drugs to little kids" amidst the various belches. Still, some people enjoy this type of music. Could become a collector's item.

WHITE PIGS

Evil Stalks the Innocent

(Songs of Sin Records)

Here's something you don't see too often, a 3-song live recording pressed onto a red vinyl 7-inch. This is the WHITE PIGS' 2nd vinyl release, the first was a studio-recorded 7-inch, so I guess the next logical step is a studio 12-inch EP. Who knows? Maybe they can keep going to the point where they can put out a 5 full-sized record set of a live performance just like Laurie Anderson did.

All kidding aside, this isn't too bad of a record. The sound quality is decent, and the band is capable of coming up with some infectious riffs. The Satanic lyrics are sung in a manic fashion. Hardcore!

BEYOND POSSESSION

Telltale Heart

(Rooter Records)

Despite struggling local alternative music scenes, Canada's Prairie cities have managed to

spawn some dynamite bands. Some examples which spring to mind are Winnipeg's PERSONALITY CRISIS, and Edmonton's K.D. LANG and S.N.F.U. Now comes Calgary's BEYOND POSSESSION, a band which fuses the speed of hardcore with the guitar virtuosity of the newer metal bands such as METALLICA. The songs are done at a breakneck pace, but still manage to retain enough melody to be catchy. Singer Ron Hadley's harsh, intensely sung vocals compliment the ferocious music. BEYOND POSSESSION's 6 songs on this 7-inch are all concerned with personal topics except for the Edgar Allan Poe-esque "Telltale Heart"—the title cut. Eerie!!

NOT FOR SALE

A Few Dollars More

(Rabid Cat Records)

Rabid Cat Records in Austin, Texas is one of those fledgling record labels devoted to helping out newer bands. And one of those bands is NOT FOR SALE, also from Austin. They are more of a pop band than anything, but here is a lot of energy contained within these grooves. A clean guitar sound, harmonized backup vocals, and tempting hooks make this a pretty neat record. The singer sounds like Joe Jackson, and that's a compliment. All 3 songs are good and bouncy, and the lyrics to "War Economy" hit home, even though I'm not American. Well done packaging and production round out a nifty release.

—Mike Dennis

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NINA HAGEN
THE THREE O'CLOCK
D.O.A.
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
JEFFREY LEE PIERCE
GREEN ON RED
GAME THEORY
DEJA VODOO
THE SONICS
BILLY BRAGG
THE DUB SYNDICATE
LEDERNACKEN
THE STYLE COUNCIL
DUKES OF STRATOSPHEAR
PREFAB SPROUT
VARIOUS

Little Creatures
Low Life
Fables of the Reconstruction
Walking in the Shadow of...
In Ekstasy
Arrive Without Travelling
Let's Wreck the Party
Love Not Money
Wildweed
Food Gas Lodging
Real Night Time
Too Cool to Live, Too...
Full Force
Life's a Riot/Between the...
Tunes From the Missing...
Double Album
Internationalists
25 O'Clock
Steve McQueen
Enigma Variations

SIRE/WEA
FAC/POLYGRAM
I.R.S./MCA
DB(US)
CBS
I.R.S./MCA
FRINGE
WEA
STATIK (UK)
ENIGMA (US)
ENIGMA (US)
OG
ETIQUETTE (US)
POLYGRAM
ON U-SOUND (UK)
STRIKEBACK (UK)
POLYGRAM
VIRGIN/POLYGRAM
KITCHENWARE (UK)
ENIGMA (US)

SPINList TOP 45's

ARTIST TITLE LABEL

I, BRAINEATER
COIL
BOB'S YOUR UNCLE
SHRIEKBACK
THE DAMNED
BRILLIANT ORANGE
THE DILLETANTES
POISONED
RED GUITARS
FIVE YEAR PLAN
LOVE & ROCKETS
GOLDEN PALOMINOS
STAN RIDGWAY
NOMEANSNO
ENIGMAS
EGGHEAD
THE JESUS & MARY CHAIN
LOST DURANGOS
I, WEEDEATER
A.O.T.

Wrong World
Panic/Tainted Love
Talk to the Birds
Nemesis/Suck
Grimly Fiendish
Happy Man
Theme/Dunken Augen
Poisoned EP
Be With Me/Things I Want
At the Beach
Ball of Confusion
Omaha
The Big Heat
Bodybag
Strangely Wild EP
Knock It Off
You Trip Me Up
Living Nowadays/evil Town
Such a Grind
Reagan's Back

DEMO TAPE
KELVIN 422 (UK)
DEMO TAPE
ARISTA (UK)
MCA (UK)
DEMO TAPE
DEMO TAPE
EAST RAY
SELFDRIVE (UK)
DEMO TAPE
BEGGARS BQT (UK)
CELLULOID (US)
ILLEGAL (UK)
DEMO TAPE
ZULU
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OVERHEARD

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CATHY BONE
.....AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS



"Did you see there in the news where in Nevada something happened to all the good people?"



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Whispers

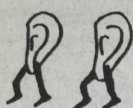
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The Roving Ear



This month from the Bahamas...

IT FELT LIKE I'D BEEN FLYING FOREVER, catching the red-eye flight to T.O. with a 2-hour stopover in the exciting airport and then connecting on to Nassau. It was verging on 14 hours by the time the white sands and emerald waters of the atolls off New Providence Island broke the monotony of the ocean horizon. I'd just about had enough of the airplane muzak (which is piped through plastic tubular earphones and which changes pitch with every change in altitude and cabin pressure) and so I let my mind drift off, dreaming of laying myself bare to the beautiful syncopated beat of island music and getting high off the natural energy of the live music and customs of a foreign land.

I stumbled off the plane into Customs and there was greeted by a small stage off in the corner made up to look like a tropical grass hut. Inside sat three Islanders playing the kind of music I'd just wistfully been thinking of. While everyone else streamed by hurrying on to get through Customs I stopped to take in the musical novelty. The three were older black men with sun-worn, wrinkled faces who stared ahead with emotionless faces, seemingly out of touch with the lively music they were playing. It wasn't long before I caught their eye and with some grins of appreciation the music increased in vitality. The guitarist played a hollow-bodied electric which looked as if it was kept outside during the monsoon season, the bassist's amp looked as if it was used as a tire stop for a delivery truck, and the percussionist played a variety of kettle drums and bongo drums that defy description. The music was clean as a surgeon's knife, and I stood there in the heavy, fragrant air mesmerized after my sleepless night by the intertwining syncopated rhythms and notes of those musicians. I closed my eyes and the melody evoked images of vast, white-sand beaches, palm trees and the dreamy, numbing effect of dark rum. As I danced around to the irresistible rhythms I thought, "It IS better in the Bahamas...", but little did I realize at that moment, that was as close as I was going to get to island music in that part of the Caribbean.

The Bahamas are a little group of islands lying just off the southern coast of Florida, not actually in the Caribbean. The whole economy is supported by the tourist trade. American influences are overwhelming. Most of Nassau's radio and TV comes directly from Florida. The local Bahamian radio is more like a BBC radio operation, where music is somehow played between the news and "James Lancaster Smith-Jones who left 89 living relatives" 's obituary. The Bahamian youth go to Florida for vacation and university, and American money is as much a part of the economy as Bahamian money. It is no wonder that American music has such a stronghold on the Bahamian music scene.



The Bahamian population must be one of the highest per capita purchasers of car stereos, ghetto blasters and walkmans in the world (it helps being a duty-free area). No moment was left in solitude, no sunset without a fanfare. After a while I began to realize what is intuitively obvious: American music DOMINATES. Billy Ocean is BIG, as is M. Jackson, L. Ritchie, D. Ross, Teddy Pendergrass, and an assortment of other American R&B musicians. It was a lot of work

to find anyone who'd even heard of the likes of the Twinkle Brothers, Mikey Dread, and co., and you should have seen some of the looks I got when asking about the local music scene (I stopped to talk to a few young Bahamian girls who were dressed in pseudo-trendy garb like mini-skirts and leather vests and unusual coiffs and found out that they were hookers!!).

Finally I found some guys in an out-of-the-way record store who enthusiastically played some Jamaican reggae and gave me a list of some live gigs for the week. Although I didn't attend all of the shows (there are some places in Nassau that a little white girl shouldn't go to alone at night) I managed to get to a couple of live, festival-like gigs. In those I witnessed a parade of groups who covered the previously mentioned American artists with a small mix of pretty good reggae.

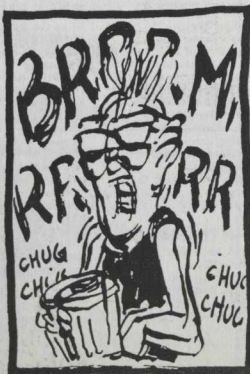
I would like to think that I was just unlucky and couldn't find original Bahamian music (I'd just missed a Twinkle Bros. gig by days). The Commonwealth of the Bahamas is a politically stable country where the people are content to allow the American way and the big bucks from the casinos and hotels be as much a part of their lives as the Queen. As such, there is no driving force, no "angry youth" to drive the Bahamian musicians to create a musical identity with a message as the Jamaicans have successfully done.

After a hectic week in Nassau I relocated to one of the outer, rural islands. I'd pretty well given up an active search to find authentic Bahamian music. One sweltering day I stopped to watch a couple of boys jiggling needle fish off a small dock with just a line and a safety-pin. As time passed they began to relax in my presence and talked easily back and forth in their unintelligible Bahamian dialect. I was just about to leave when one of the boys turned to me with his toothy grin and sang...

"We arr de whirld...we arr de chill-ren..."
I groaned aloud, wishing once again that I had gone to Jamaica instead.

—Beverly Demchuk

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